

SORIN CERIN



The Being and Nonbeing

Philosophical poems

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**2017**

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## **Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation**

**PhD Professor Al Cistelean** within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of

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philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passionate, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

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They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppcase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppcase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

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How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.



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Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God,

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Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

### **PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century**

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin,

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from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to

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have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX,

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and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and

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new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

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After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

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Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose



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symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and

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insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many

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other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

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Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

**Ana Blandiana:** "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

**PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu:** "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of

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meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

**PhD Professor Ioan Holban** : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

**PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan** : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

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on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,  
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

**PhD Professor Mircea Muthu:** "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

**PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu :** "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a

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reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

**PhD Professor Ion Vlad** : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

**Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:**  
"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga ( through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken

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mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached 'at the end of border' - gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

**PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan:** "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

**PhD Professor Cornel Moraru:** "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious



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rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

**PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:** "Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

**PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru:** "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

**PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély:** "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of

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the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

**Gheorghe Andrei Neagu**: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

**Marian Odangiu**: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from

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far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

**Eugen Evu:** "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition .... How Vineu wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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**1. The Past is the Future of the Future**

Any Eternity,  
must start from somewhere,  
just like and the Death,  
how any Infinity,  
which does not have a landmark in a Consciousness,  
tends to become Nothingness.

Without Remembrance,  
the whole World,  
it would collapse,  
in her own Future,  
which would die,  
without a Past,  
on which to identify Him,  
as being,  
its Future.

And so the Past is the Future of the Future.

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**2. Begins to overflow**

The dew of the Remembrance,  
begins to overflow,  
on the nervures of the leaves of Thoughts,  
full of rust of the Expectation,  
carried by the waves of the Blood,  
of some Dreams,  
what have started to gush,  
in a haemorrhage of the Destiny,  
which has not found his neither until today,  
the Bandage of some Moments,  
to heal him,  
of, Longing.



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**3. Then when, even and...**

Then,  
when,  
even and,  
the Fogs of the Vanity,  
they will begin to smile,  
to the Tears of some Eternities of Moments,  
what they will drown with their crystalline purity,  
all the Horizons of the Steps, heavy of lead,  
of Destinies,  
Then,  
when,  
even and,  
the Illusions of the Existence,  
will become Absolute Truth,  
opening the lattice of the Feelings,  
which have kept us chained,  
through the prisons of the Words,  
to you know,  
that we will meet him,  
on the Unique God,  
of the Love,  
that has come in the World,  
only for us.

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**4. Without we realizing**

Tired,  
of so many the Eternities of Delusions,  
which passed them,  
trampling them in feet,  
the open window of the Soul,  
which was hidden,  
behind the opaque curtains,  
of the Incarnation,  
from the Dust of a Destiny,  
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,  
the Time  
became,  
the unique High Priest,  
who reminded,  
that everything is Ephemeral,  
in a World that exists,  
just because we think we know it,  
without actually realizing,  
that Nothing,  
is not what it seems to be.

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**5. Was incarnate becoming Destiny**

The God of the Self-Knowledge,  
was incarnate,  
becoming Destiny,  
which forces the Conscience of the Illusions of the  
Existence,  
to cross,  
the energy levels of the Happiness and Suffering,  
for to create,  
the World  
where the Absurd,  
becomes,  
the bud of the Sense,  
through which the Absolute Truth,  
redefines the Life and Death,  
as being,  
Time.

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**6. At the second hand tailoring**

Gates of Prides,  
they gnash hysterically,  
when they are obligated to open the way,  
to the Walls of Words,  
of some Glances,  
comprised by the panic of the Day,  
which has lost her engagement ring,  
of the Sunrise,  
on the deserted and sad street of Remembrance,  
which had nothing what to look for,  
in the Indifferent Future,  
of the Nobody,  
from which the Death,  
has created,  
its own Destiny,  
at the second hand tailoring,  
of the Illusions of Existence.

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**7. He walks incidentally**

Rivers of Uneasiness,  
they leak into the Oceans of the Cries Deaf,  
of the Consciousness,  
carrying with them,  
all the existential anguishes of the Struggles,  
of the Wings of some Desires,  
debased from the rights of the Happiness,  
on which the Illusions of the Existence,  
they buried them,  
as deep as possible,  
in the Cemeteries of the Words,  
for to not be discovered,  
by some Destiny,  
which walks,  
Incidentally,  
near by.

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**8. Divine Providence**

God has created for him,  
a Shampoo with Special Destiny,  
which to escape Him from the dandruff of the news,  
coming from this World,  
with Defective Genes,  
on which no Divine Providence,  
has not succeeded to repair them, ever,  
no matter how many complaints would have been made,  
by the Illusions of the Happiness,  
at the Office for the Protection of Saints,  
who have become cursed,  
at every corner of street of the Vanity,  
more than provides the law,  
written with letters of Eternity,  
between the covers, greasy,  
of some Bibles.

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**9. The refined technology**

Walls of Silences,  
they grind us the Past chained,  
of the Compromises,  
behind which,  
we have adopted us a Moment of Happiness,  
to show to the World,  
that we are able to grow and educate,  
the Vanity,  
which must,  
Compulsory,  
it to graduate all primary classes,  
of the Suffering,  
for to qualify,  
in the refined technology,  
of the Illusions of the Existence.

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**10. The decomposed Glances of the Expectations**

Ruined bridges,  
by the decomposed Glances,  
of the Expectations,  
which have canceled,  
their meeting with the Destiny,  
arrogant and corrupt,  
of the Illusions of the Existence,  
which they cried out us the Birth,  
for to lure it into the trap of the Time,  
where it to be stolen from all the Moments of the Life ,  
for to be given to the Death,  
which barely is waiting,  
to be feasted, from their Eternity.



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**11. On the measure of the waist of the Suffering**

The rocks of Delusions,  
they collapse once with us,  
in the chasm,  
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,  
which have created us,  
a World of the Compromises,  
on the measure of the waist of the Suffering,  
which clothed her,  
every time,  
when wants to look good,  
before a God,  
of the hidden and lustful desires,  
created after our image and likeness.

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**12. On the hob of the deserted Horizons**

The pyres of the Regrets,  
they burn us the Feelings,  
on the hob of the deserted Horizons,  
of the lost Glances,  
from the Heart of the Time,  
which does not want to know,  
that the Sense of his existence,  
is the Passing,  
towards the Death,  
which has stolen to him,  
all copyrights,  
who created this World,  
of the Illusions of an Existence,  
on which many Moments,  
they would have wanted,  
not to have known her,  
Never.

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**13. Then when he thought for us**

How much Freedom,  
to have felt, the God,  
then when he thought for us,  
the Prison of this World,  
where the Illusions of the Existence,  
have become the guards trustworthy,  
of the Suffering,  
on which we are obligated,  
to we follow it,  
at good and at bad,  
on our way,  
Compulsory  
towards Death.

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**14. The same Welcome**

How many Promises,  
I have not heard,  
through the Churches of the Words,  
where the Saints of the Illusions of the Existence,  
they were deceiving us with a World, of Beyond,  
which could not be, of Now,  
because we did not pay the debt,  
of the Suffering,  
towards the Death,  
who will offer us,  
really?,  
the same Welcome,  
on which we received it,  
at the Birth of the Consciousness,  
of to be the slaves,  
of the Vanities?

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**15. Contemplating, at new Personalizations**

The Being has fallen from the Nonbeing,  
for to taste,  
from the bitter nectar of the Suffering,  
with the help of which,  
the God has spiced,  
the Eternity  
which one he sips,  
every day,  
of His Universal Awareness,  
when he keeps, locked,  
the Great Mysteries of the Worlds,  
Contemplating, at new Personalizations,  
on which he will send them to the Spiritual Laws,  
for to submit in the Hierarchy,  
to the Illusions of the Existence,  
as many Souls as possible.

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**16. Gave us the Freedom**

Since when were closed the Heavens of the Being,  
in the Cemeteries of the Words of the Creation,  
what they have incarnated her,  
in a ball of Suffering,  
of the stellar dust of the Despondency,  
carried by the dry winds,  
and poor in feelings,  
of the Time,  
the God of the Absolute Truth,  
gave us,  
the Freedom,  
of to build us,  
the our own God,  
after the image and likeness,  
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,  
on which we cross them,  
without rest.

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**17. The true engine of the causality of the Being**

Did we hit us, Incidentally,  
by a star of our Destiny ?,  
then when we ran through the Universe,  
with the Soul of the Divine Light,  
wanting to we become the Being from the Non-being,  
of the Great Universal Contemplation ?,  
knowing that for this,  
we will have to become the slaves,  
of the Illusions of the Life and Death ?,  
which they will show us False,  
every time,  
that the Non-being is not Knowledge,  
and nor Awareness ?,  
then when we will want,  
to we fully understand,  
the game of the Illusions of the Happiness,  
whose soles,  
they bathe in the great ocean,  
of the Illusions of the Suffering,  
which are,  
the true engine,  
of the causality of the Being?

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**18. The only deck toward the World of the Non-being**

Horizons killed by the Being of the Past,  
who no longer wants to breathe,  
the air, stranger and sad,  
of the Future,  
which wanders shipwrecked,  
on, the Blood of the Defective Veins,  
of the Suffering,  
of the Original Sin,  
what has become,  
the only deck,  
toward the World of the Non-being,  
from the Churches of the Words,  
of the our Consciousness,  
who believe,  
that through Death,  
as Supreme Sacrifice,  
we can save us,  
of ourselves,  
escaping by,  
the Time of the Being.



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**19. The Realm of the Unforgiving Time**

The Waves of the Loneliness,  
desolate and sad,  
of the Hopes,  
they hit,  
by the frozen Walls of the Eternity,  
which does not let them to surpass,  
the Realm of the Unforgiving Time,  
with anyone, escapes,  
from the Space conquered by him,  
from the Time, when the Non-being,  
it was beginning to Aware,  
own Self,  
dividing it into two opposites,  
the Being and Non-being,  
True or False,  
Good or Bad,  
and yet another infinity of Opposites.

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**20. At the roulette of a Destiny**

The Absolute Truth,  
and realized that he had nothing what to look for,  
in a World,  
where Death wins every time,  
the Games of the Existence,  
and, the Original Sins,  
they hold the head of the poster,  
through, the Churches of the Words,  
deciding to let his place,  
to the Illusions,  
which, they will decide each time,  
who wins or loses,  
at the roulette of a Destiny,  
of the Time.

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**21. The Thorns of the Loneliness**

The spells of the Horizons,  
falling apart,  
in lost Glances,  
of the Sunsets,  
from the crowned Hearts,  
with the Thorns of the Loneliness,  
from which he created for him,  
the Salvation,  
the Original Sins,  
of the Time,  
who became the High Priest,  
to minister,  
in the Cathedrals of the Consciousness,  
where must to pray,  
all the Illusions of this Existence,  
which and have creted,  
Religions of Dreams,  
after their image and likeness,  
no matter if they are Happy,  
or Nightmares.

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**22. The Star of the Destiny of a Happiness**

Wandering,  
through the Labyrinth of the Days,  
I try to get out, to the surface of the Water of the Life,  
from the Desert of Answers,  
on which I crossed it,  
so much thirsty,  
by the Star of the Destiny of a Happiness,  
on which I lost it,  
in the terrible cold of on the lips of the Words,  
what they had no longer, nothing to say,  
to the Illusions of the Existence,  
from which I have woven, the mantle of the Death,  
thick enough,  
so that I no longer tremble in the frost of the World,  
of the Vanity.

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**23. The Corruption of the Days**

Scattered through the underwood,  
of the Springs of Thoughts,  
of the Rains of Memories,  
what they wash the slabs of graves,  
through the Cemeteries of the Words,  
where I buried,  
before than the Eternity of the Moment,  
my own Time,  
which, it has mocked him,  
even and on the God,  
what has created him,  
because he could not accept to walk,  
without any Pocket of Dreams,  
in which to hide his Years,  
through the poisoned World,  
by the Corruption of the Days.

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**24. A Candle, of Regrets**

Petals of Memories,  
without number,  
I snatch them,  
from the Corolla of Eternities of the Moments,  
trying to find out,  
then when I ask them,  
whether he loves me or not,  
the God of the lost Glances,  
of your Eyes, of Heaven,  
in which I drowned the World,  
then lighting up, for it,  
a Candle of Regrets,  
which melted by the Longing,  
of the Heart of a Love,  
what was beating now in the chest of another Day,  
on which we will no longer live it,  
ever.

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**25. The Nightstand of the Sleep**

The Existential Illusions,sinful ,  
what they want to demolish the Churches of the Words,  
as in their place, to build,  
with the bloody bricks of the Sunsets,  
the crypt of a World of the Despair,  
in which this one will bury,  
the whole family of Absurdities and Vanities,  
to whom he gave them life,  
at the Maternity of the Time hurt by,  
the Zodiac Signs, on which he no longer wants them,  
in the home of his Days,  
knowing how many Seasons they have stolen to him,  
of on the Nightstand of the Sleep,  
where he has hidden his starry vault,  
of the Dreams.

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**26. Until the last breath of Moment**

Wings of Words,  
they break  
in the Noose of the gallows of some Hopes,  
remaining hanging there,  
as to be for us a teaching of mind,  
to we no longer try, ever,  
to we fly,  
beyond the Illusions of the Life and Death,  
on which we are condemned,  
to we atone them,  
until the last breath of Moment,  
on which the Time has lost it,  
from the pocket broken by Memories,  
in this World.



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**27. Through the World of the Wilderness**

The thorns of the Memories,  
they begin to prick,  
in so much,  
the Steps of the Time,  
that he bleeds with the Sunsets,  
over Heart of the Regrets,  
which it sinks,  
in the Night of the Remorse,  
whose Star,  
seems to have abandoned,  
the Destiny,  
of the Eternity of a Moment,  
in which we would have liked to stay,  
they left to blind in continuation,  
searching us to endlessly,  
through the World of the Wilderness,  
from ourselves.

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**28. We have wanted it from always**

The vain beliefs,  
they choose the Gods of the debauchery,  
of a history of the Nobody,  
from which are manufactured,  
the Glasses of horse,  
by, the Parallel Truths,  
hidden deep in the Defective Genes,  
of our Past,  
from which we have built us,  
in great secret,  
the Day from which to we feed ,  
the Illusions of the Life and Death,  
until,  
they will be satiated once and for all,  
by us,  
leaving us in peace the Eternity of the Moment,  
on which we have wanted it,  
from always.

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**29. The riverbeds sad and long of Truths**

It's raining with Remorses,  
on the dusty windows of the Souls,  
where the heavy and dirty splashes of Destinies,  
draws the riverbeds, sad and long,  
of, Truths that can not be said,  
in none of our Worlds,  
on which we have them built to us,  
braving the Loneliness,  
of the Lost Paradises ,  
on which the God of Love has built them,  
after deciding,  
that the Illusions of the Existence,  
must defeat,  
any Hope,  
which could disintegrate them,  
the Time.

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**30. The Ocean of the Existential Illusions**

Wheels of flint,  
they spin the Eternities of the Moments,  
until they get dizzy,  
taking out the sparks of the Falling Stars,  
of so many Destinies,  
from the deaf and bitter gnashing  
produced,  
when they hit with strength,  
the rocks of the Souls,  
from which it was cut,  
the heavy stone of the Sufferings,  
what was beaten,  
on the sand of a Hourglass,  
what measures the Time of Nobody,  
for to be cobblestone,  
the empty Streets of the World,  
which, it has not belonged us Never,  
whose Steps,  
they will circumvent with care,  
the Mud of the Dust, in which we incarnated,  
the single Absolute Truth,  
from the Ocean of the Existential Illusions,  
which is the Love.

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**31. The Eternity, of the Dead Moment**

I do not find myself,  
in the Tears of dew of the bloodied Dawns ,  
by the Day, warrior,  
which has cut them the Steps of Lead,  
hidden through the Cemeteries of the Words,  
where I have searched desperately,  
a comma,  
after which to hide myself,  
by the Sacred Fire of Remembrance,  
what has burned everything in its path,  
with the flames of fog,  
of the Illusions of the Existence,  
which they threw us ,  
in the arms,  
of an Eternity, of the Dead Moment,  
forever.

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**32. In sheaf of Forgetfulness**

We are born, rusty leaves,  
as we to be woven by Destiny,  
in the carpet of the Illusions of the Life and Death,  
on which they will writhing,  
the Steps, of the ephemeral Moments  
which, they will completely waste us,  
the Feeling,  
they mowing us the Wheat of the Days,  
from which we have baked us,  
the Bread of the Hopes,  
calling on the Illusion of the Happiness to taste it,  
not knowing that it will desire,  
increasingly more,  
until it will no longer be,  
Nothing,  
from ourselves,  
remaining tied,  
in sheaf of Forgetfulness,  
for to be let to we rot,  
on the Field of the Vanity,  
of this world.

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**33. From the Hope of the Retrieval**

Then when I became,  
Orphans, of Words,  
I did not believe,  
that the Tears of the Walls of Wax,  
of the Candles ignited,  
at the Coffin of the Love,  
they will melt on the forehead of our Dreams,  
covering us the Wrinkles of the Time,  
with the Flame of the Fire of the Remembrance,  
what burns in every Day,  
little by little,  
from, the Hope of the Retrieval,  
until, in its place,  
remains only the Night,  
cold and indifferent,  
of the Forgetfulness.

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**34. The Governors, of Moments**

Hidden vices,  
in the pockets of Vanities,  
the Governors, of Moments,  
they graze, the Memories of the Past,  
the Ravens of the Horizons,  
they lurk the Death of the Day,  
only, the Time goes indifferent,  
on the cobbled path with Souls,  
by the Destiny, mischievous,  
which is taxing him mercilessly,  
of Moments,  
until,  
can barely breathe,  
through the bloody wilderness,  
of its own Sunset.



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**35. The Flour of their own Moments**

The day began,  
to dig deep,  
the Field of the Soul,  
who begins the works of the Dawns  
with own Self,  
on which he must to plow it,  
with the Illusions of the Life and Death,  
which, they have remained to him,  
for grinding,  
at the Mill of the Vanity,  
of this World,  
of the Nobody,  
from where Nobody,  
will not receive, ever,  
the Flour of their own Moments,  
meant to feed them,  
own Death.

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**36. Paths, of Falling Stars**

It's so much Night,  
over the Snows of Dreams,  
of the Existence,  
that, I chose,  
to I Die, over,  
all the Passions,  
which, they Hurt me, and Today,  
the Desert of the Dreams,  
from which the Illusions of the Life and Death,  
they made their Tent,  
from a Past,  
which, it no longer belong us,  
since,  
the Rains of the Suffering,  
have passed through the Blood of the World ,  
of, Sunset,  
whose Night,  
has shrouded us,  
thr Destiny,  
until, we have blinded,  
by, His own,  
Paths, of Falling Stars.

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**37. The Bedding of the guiding Stars**

Nor a Flower,  
from the Bouquet of the Illusions of the Life,  
and our Death,  
will not reach into the Vase,  
of the the Cemetery of Words,  
from which we have made the Bedding,  
of, the guiding Stars,  
which to ignite us,  
the Destinies,  
in one Sacred Fire,  
which to burn us,  
the entire Past,  
with which we washed us,  
the Hands of the Future,  
by the Suffering of the new Days,  
which have collapsed over,  
the Time,  
whose Chains of Dreams,  
we hung them,  
of, the Death,  
our own,  
Hopes.

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**38. The Day of Tomorrow**

I have dressed my Moments,  
with the Eternities,  
of your Smile,  
detached from the Absolute Truth,  
of the God of the glance,  
who gave birth to the Eternity of the Moment,  
to which I knelt,  
defying,  
all Times,  
of this World,  
of the Death,  
from which we have made us, the Tools,  
of the Vanity,  
with the help of which,  
to cut us the Despair,  
of to not succeed,  
to build us,  
our own,  
Illusion of the Life and Death,  
which nourishes us,  
the Day of Tomorrow.

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**39. All the Moments of the Death**

Do not sell me Steps,  
at second hand,  
because I can not find my Vanity,  
enough of Sincere,  
to make for me,  
the Wheels of the Eternity,  
which to spin us,  
long enough,  
until,  
all the Moments of our Death,  
to get dizzy the Illusions of the Existence,  
in so much,  
that all the Moments of the Eternity,  
to die of the Hunger,  
of our Days,  
on which we will live them,  
without the Sense,  
of a Love.

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**40. Of, Muteness**

I did not ask,  
to no Cemetery of Words,  
to add a Comma,  
at the corners of his Alleys,  
of Muteness,  
about which I found out,  
that, they have washed us,  
with their Vertebral column,  
of the Vanities,  
until, we have arrived,  
so Round-Shouldered,  
that we wanted to identify us,  
with the Eternity of the Moment,  
from which we have created us,  
Vestment of, Absolute Truth,  
through the Destiny of which,  
to we swim,  
over the Illusions of the Life and Death,  
in the search of the Happiness,  
yet from the Times,  
when,  
we were not a Genetic Defect.

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**41. We can not defy**

I never knew,  
how much Death,  
can give us birth, the Life,  
at the Maternity of the Vanity,  
of this World of the Dreams,  
from which we are not capable,  
to we collect,  
at least,  
a few Hopes,  
on which we to build them,  
at the Fingerprint,  
of the Edifice of the Absolute Truth,  
from which we to feed us,  
with the Identities of the Illusions of the Life and Death,  
until these will understand,  
that we can not defy,  
none of the Cemeteries of the Words,  
in which they buried,  
the Eternities of the Moments,  
the Love.

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**42. The Beard of the Moments**

We were so tired,  
by the Eternity descended,  
over the Illusions of our Existence,  
that we have understood,  
that and these live without us,  
in the Divine Light,  
of a Sunrise,  
which has not its shaved, never,  
the Beard of the Moments,  
of which,  
we have hung us the Hopes,  
whose dreams,  
they fell from the Tree of Knowledge,  
only then,  
when the Life became,  
with debt, sold,  
at the Death.



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**43. Umbrella of Hopes**

I cut off my slices of Years,  
on the bread of the Eternity,  
of a Moment,  
of the Love,  
what fed us,  
on the bench of the boundless Horizon  
of the Heart,  
the Eternity  
from which I created for me,  
Umbrella, of Hopes,  
which to guard my Dreams,  
from the Cold,  
of the Cemetery of Words,  
in which we have buried us the Future,  
of the Glances,  
handcuffed,  
of the Illusions of the Happiness,  
of the Life and Death,  
from us.

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**44. The Achievements of the Souls**

The icons forsaken,  
they wander,  
on the cobbled streets with Tears,  
of the Past,  
which has sold his right to have a Future,  
in the World on which we have created,  
without any God,  
which to live,  
in the Cathedrals of our Dreams,  
to which to worship us,  
the Achievements of the Souls,  
which exist in us,  
and in no way,  
outside of us.

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**45. The Time Excited**

The pages gnawed by Prides,  
which, they hit with strength,  
in the Time Excited,  
of so much, Moments,  
on which he has lost them,  
in the Horizons of the strayed Hearts,  
from the Labyrinths of the Cemeteries of Words,  
whose Smokes of Questions,  
what, they burn the bodily remnants of the Glances,  
still it feel, and now,  
in the nostrils of the Existence,  
ready anytime,  
to make a new compromise,  
with Death.

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**46. The Darkness of the Vanity**

When the lonely and sad Stars,  
of the Nobody,  
they began to fall,  
on the vault of our Souls,  
in the arms of the Illusions of the Life,  
of the Happiness,  
of the Suffering and Death,  
I understood,  
how far,  
is the Absolute Truth,  
of the Subconscious Stranger from us,  
which has become,  
however,  
only One,  
since we have the same,  
Destiny,  
fallen into the deep Darkness,  
of the Vanity,

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which has lost his,  
its own star,  
from before being born,  
remaining it to look,  
how they scatter,  
falling,  
the stars of the other Destinies,  
still unborn,  
what they will have to face,  
at the same Darkness.

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**47. The mountains of the Illusions of the Existence**

Waves of Delusions,  
they hit the cold and inert walls,  
of the Hourglass,  
of which the Time of the Nobody,  
has built the Cathedral,  
for to shelter the Saints of the Words,  
who always Ask themselves,  
if they will succeed to build a Phrase,  
which to bless,  
the Divine Light of the Love,  
what runs through the Eyes of Heaven,  
of the Hope,  
on which will have to,  
somewhere sometime,  
to find it again,  
even if will be,  
we to demolish all the mountains,  
of the Illusions of the Existence,  
from the incarnations of our Destinies,  
past and future ones.

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**48. The pocket torn by Dreams**

Forsaken by me myself,  
I run poisoned by the Illusions of the Existence,  
toward the Eternity of the Moment,  
on which I have lost it,  
from the pocket torn by Dreams,  
of the Destiny,  
which was barricaded,  
behind the Future,  
in order not to be attacked,  
of, the anger of the Past,  
which threateningly shake,  
above the Blood of a Sunset of the Happiness,  
on which wants to steal it,  
for the copious meal,  
of the Time lost,  
by the own Self.

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**49. The Solitary Time**

The zodiac signs of wax,  
they are melting,  
over the endless wilderness,  
of the Souls,  
on which only,  
the solitary Time,  
will succeed to pass them,  
in the prayers of the Illusions of the Existence,  
on which he pronounces them in syllables,  
Daily,  
trying to receive,  
the benevolence of a God,  
created by the Vanity,  
from us.



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**50. Still burns smoldering**

The Axles of the Wheels,  
which spin the Souls,  
in the Carousel of the Illusions of the Existence,  
they began to rust,  
of so many Tears,  
how many have fallen,  
from the extinguished Eyes,  
of the Icons of the Sacred Fire,  
which still burns smoldering,  
in each of us,  
ready anytime to burn,  
the Original Sins,  
of some Defective Genes ,  
which do not belong to us.

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**51. The class of the Moment**

Life,  
is an expectation of the Happiness,  
in the antechamber of the Death,  
where we try,  
to we do us the homework of the Love,  
wanting to we catch the class of the Moment,  
which teache best,  
the course of the Illusions of the Existence,  
where we are taught,  
how to we Regret,  
enough much,  
the Original Sins,  
which belong to another World,  
and certainly not at that one,  
which we have built it,  
with so much sweat,  
of Time.

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**52. To knows?**

I did not understand,  
why God is not the Champion?  
once it should be Created,  
after the face,  
and the likeness,  
the our Vanity?  
to we have,  
Something,  
truly Divine,  
lost among the Defective Genes ?,  
about which,  
only the Subconscious Stranger,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
from us,  
to knows?

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**53. The Prides of the Death**

The waves of the Blood,  
with Defective Genes,  
they hit the shores of the sunrises,  
from the deceiving Dreams,  
of the Illusions of the Existence,  
worn by Time,  
over the Prides of the Death,  
what, they would want to delete,  
from its Cemeteries of Words,  
all the Eternities of the Crucified Moments,  
on the altar of the Perdition of this World,  
of the Original Sins,  
from which we have come to build,  
the watchtower,  
of a Meaning,  
on which, nor an Absolute Truth,  
will not be able to accept it ever.

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**54. The Subconscious Grains of Divinity**

The advertisements of the Absurd,  
of what we believe to be Knowledge,  
they sell us the Life,  
for nothing,  
to a Death,  
on which,  
neither the ones most vain,  
the Illusions of the Existence,  
can not understand it,  
how wants to kill,  
even and the Subconscious Grains of Divinity,  
on which he planted them the Destiny of the stellar dust,  
in our Souls,  
to the incarnation of the Absolute Truth,  
in the ephemeral Nothingness,  
of the Vanity,  
through which we built,  
this paltry World,  
of the Hierarchies.

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**55. So much disheartened**

The anchors of the Days,  
disheveled by Truth,  
are thrown,  
in the depths of the Illusions of the Existence,  
for to cling,  
by the Loneliness,  
of the Cemeteries of some Words,  
whose heavy steps of lead,  
they begin to snow,  
with flames of Memory,  
over the frozen Horizons,  
of the Wilderness,  
so much disheartened,  
from us.

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**56. The Whirlpool of the Vices of the Death**

Then when we have bound our Destinies,  
with the Scarves frozen ,  
by the Illusions of the Existence of this World,  
I thought that the Original Sins, themselves,  
will be those who will heat up,  
with the Sacred Fire of the Love,  
the Absolute Truth,  
frozen and forsaken,  
on the ice of the Unconscious,  
of a God,  
which we can create him,  
after our image and likeness,  
of then,  
of before we are born,  
in the Whirlpool of the Vices of the Death.

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**57. The Star of the Destiny trembles of cold**

I'm so cold,  
by me myself,  
that even the Star of the Destiny,  
trembles of cold,  
on the Heaven of the Heart,  
of a lost Love,  
from which a God, misunderstood,  
has made his Cathedral of Dreams,  
Deceiver,  
on which he serves them, daily,  
to the Illusions of the Life,  
of the Happiness  
of the Suffering,  
and the Death,  
at the table of the Vanity,  
of this World,  
of the Nobody.



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**58. Decisions or Indecisions**

The open Wings of the Hopes,  
covers the Dark Sky of the Thoughts,  
of the Sacred Fire,  
which burns us,  
with the Vault of the Stars of some Desires,  
on which the Original Sins,  
they thought they hid them so well,  
that none of us,  
we will not find them ever,  
through the Luggage of the Calendars,  
of a Time,  
gnawed by his own Times,  
exhausted,  
under the weight of the Moments of Lead,  
which must be carried on the back,  
of the Decisions or Indecisions,  
of the Eternity,  
of the Death from us.

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**59. A deep and cruel thirst**

Kidnapped by Nothingness,  
the Time has begun to pour its Moments,  
over the Empire of the Knowledge,  
watering them,  
the endless Spaces,  
of Illusions of the Existence,  
what they suffered until then,  
of a deep and cruel thirst,  
which grinds them,  
at the Mill of the Mischance,  
the Loneliness,  
because they could not accept,  
to they exist,  
without our Souls,  
on which they have kidnapped them,  
from the cosmic Destiny,  
of the Love,  
at the time of Separation,  
of ourselves.

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**60. The Saints of the Feelings on which we have  
planted them**

The broken steps of the Hourglass,  
of the Destinies of some Stars,  
have snowed over the bodies,  
of the Tears of some Words,  
what wash us the Dust of the Dreams,  
from which we tried,  
to build us the Church of the Love,  
at which to pray,  
the Saints of the Feelings,  
on which we have planted them,  
deep in Desires,  
at the time of incarnation,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
in the mirror of which,  
we have identified us,  
as being,  
the Sacred Fire,  
which can ignite all the Heavens,  
of the Eternity of the Time,  
our.

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**61. The Age of the Death**

Every Death,  
she has the age of her Life,  
when it closes,  
between the walls of the Cemeteries of Words,  
from where it will never go out,  
as,  
how was the Eternity of the Moment,  
which has separated us,  
of, ourselves,  
in so much,  
that no Future,  
it will no longer trample us, the threshold of the Past,  
of the Star of the Destiny,  
of to stay alongside of,  
the Absolute Truth,  
which has united us,  
our halves of Heart,  
which, they do not show at all,  
the Age of His Death.

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**62. The arid Wilderness of the Forgetfulness**

The Claws of the Destiny,  
they remained stuck,  
in the flesh of the eternity of a Moment,  
what could have been,  
of the Love of a God,  
only ours,  
if it would not have bled with Sunset,  
over, the Future of a Death,  
transformed into a Bird of Prey,  
which devours us,  
even and the Sweat of the Words,  
which have worked so hard,  
for the Eternity,  
from which are leaking now,  
all,  
the Springs of the Water of the Life,  
from which the Illusions of Existence drink,  
with their good and bad,  
until they will dry up,  
and in their place shall remain,  
the arid Wilderness of the Forgetfulness.

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**63. The Being and Nonbeing**

We run on the scorching asphalt,  
of the Absurd,  
for to catch up,  
the train of the Vanities,  
on which we were almost to lose it,  
in the station of the Absolute Truth,  
if the Subconscious Stranger,  
knowing that the Incarnation does not give us any chance,  
of to be us, the ones before Birth,  
he would not have made a desperate sign,  
it to stop,  
the locomotive of the Illusions of the Existence,  
on which he built it,  
the God of the Nobody,  
for the Death,  
which was pulling hard,  
the wagons of our Destinies,  
full of Original Sins,  
which, they did not let us to be Aware,  
of Death,

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which have remained now,  
on a platform,  
of on which Nobody,  
will no longer succeed ever,  
to reach,  
on the Realm of the Eternity,  
without to understand,  
the difference between, the Being and Nonbeing.

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**64. The Death will die of bad heart**

The silences of flint,  
they break the flaming Sparks,  
from the Stars,  
whose torches,  
they burn in the Souls of the Destinies,  
what they will be incarnate,  
in the Ocean of the Illusions of the Existence,  
from which they will sip,  
every drop of Suffering,  
and Happiness,  
until they will dry him up,  
so much that,  
even and the Death will die,  
of bad heart.



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**65. The absolute master of the World of beyond**

A Loneliness, wanderer,  
would have had, the God,  
that he has wrong us,  
in so much, the Future of Genes,  
that they have become the Original Sins,  
of the future generations,  
of guinea pigs exposed to cruelty,  
of the Illusions of the Existence,  
with so much debts at the Death,  
that this one has become,  
the absolute master,  
of the World of beyond.

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**66. Each Death**

At the Dice thrown away,  
on the table of the Vanity,  
of the Paradise of an Inferno,  
who left his fog,  
to the Illusions of and Life and Death,  
over this World,  
win every time,  
the magical numbers of the Suffering,  
anyway they would be thrown,  
by the Destiny,  
of the unforgiving Time,  
of the Being,  
on which breathes it,  
each Death,  
from us.

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**67. The hot Days**

I have divorced,  
by the Shadows of the Dreams,  
from which I found to myself,  
the coolness of the hot Days,  
of the Ovens of some Words,  
in whose Soul,  
we burned us the entire Past,  
of the Time,  
on which neither the Death,  
no longer accept him,  
when he lies down,  
in the putrefaction of his own Moments,  
which they had no longer anything to say,  
to the Illusions of the Existence,  
from which we have created,  
the Destiny.

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**68. From before the birth of the Absurd from us**

How many times I explained to you,  
Vanity,  
that I want to pass Beyond,  
by the Illusions of this World,  
on which he did not build,  
the created God,  
by the Eternities of our Moments,  
raped by the Memory,  
of some Original Sins,  
from which we have carved us,  
cups of Souls,  
as deep as possible,  
on which we to fill them,  
with the Water of the Suffering,  
of the Wilderness  
from the Hearts of the Being,  
which knock in vain,  
being sold to the Nonbeing,  
from before the birth,  
of the Absurd from us.

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**69. The passionate Vices**

The prides Divine,  
have gnawed the Dust of the Incarnations,  
from the Cemeteries of the Words,  
of some Beatitudes,  
on which we have pawned them,  
to a Future of the Regrets and Repressions,  
of the Illusions of Life,  
from which we take us,  
the daily basket of the Vanities,  
which they can feed us,  
the Eternities of the Moments,  
on which we sold them without knowing,  
to the Destiny of a Death,  
to whom we owe,  
with our entire,  
Existence of the Delusions,  
on which we will live them,  
reflected in the shards of the Parallel Mirrors,  
on which the Time has broken them,  
at the drunkenness of the passionate Vices,  
of the Absurd.

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**70. The defeated Winners**

What we might regret,  
from the Decease of the Words,  
than the mortuary ads,  
given by the insalubrious Moments,  
of the Destiny,  
which to depart,  
by, the God,  
on which they did not Recognize him,  
Never,  
on the wasteland of a Love,  
where they were playing,  
the Promises of the different colors,  
of the Teams of an Absolute Truth,  
which was not found nor in one,  
of the defeated Winners,  
of the match of the Illusion of the Existence,  
with the Death.

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**71. Oars of Time**

No matter how many Oars of Time,  
we would have,  
on the Water of the Illusions of the Existence,  
and however strong we become,  
then when we will pull of them,  
all in the Paradise of the Inferno,  
of this World, we will reach,  
to we give us the last breath,  
of the Vanity,  
on which have fed it for us,  
our whole Life,  
with the Poison on which he was preparing it,  
the God of the Nobody,  
created after the face of the Absurd,  
for the Subconscious Stranger,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
on which he will never succeed,  
to kill him,  
reason for which we will always have,  
a World of Beyond.

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**72. Two slices**

Break me the Horizon,  
in two slices,  
of the Past and the Future,  
of my own Consciousness,  
on which I will anoint,  
on the Bread of the Feelings,  
what will I serve it,  
to the Eternity of the Star of the Destiny,  
our,  
which will become satiated,  
feeding themselves with the Dreams and Hopes,  
of the Time,  
which it was destined us,  
by the God,  
on which, we have created Him,  
of Before to we be Born.



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**73. Always banished from the arms of the Absolute Truth**

Build me the Feeling,  
between the walls of your Soul,  
on which to place me the Icon of the Love,  
to the Soles whom to I pray,  
to the Eternity,  
on which I lost it,  
at the dice of the Destiny,  
of Before I was Born,  
in the arms,  
of some Illusions of the Existence,  
on which none,  
from the Moments of the Eternity,  
can not to accept it,  
reason why,  
we are always banished,  
from the arms of the Absolute Truth,  
on the cold and desolate realm,  
of the Death.

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**74. The Great winner of this World**

The splashes of the Suffering,  
they fall over the acid of the Souls,  
which are in the Decomposition,  
of the Conscience,  
of so many Loves,  
what, they want to die,  
on the Shores of the Dreams,  
which have no longer succeeded,  
to fulfill their,  
the Hopes of the Eternities,  
from the paper, of Litmus Sentimental,  
from which the God,  
he lit up,  
the Sacred Fire,  
given,  
to the Great winner of this World,  
which is,  
the Death.

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**75. Under the heavy gravestone of the Eternity**

The Roots of the Words,  
which have taught us to love,  
are hidden,  
under the heavy gravestone of the Eternity of a Moment,  
from which we would have wanted to taste each,  
a portion of Truth,  
without to we know,  
how expensive it can be,  
then when he is served us by the Death,  
to whom we are indebted,  
with our entire Life,  
lost at the Dice of the Luck,  
by the Original Sins,  
of a World,  
on which we not had it, Never,  
in the Blood of Defective Genes,  
of our Time.

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**76. Indifferent and arrogant**

The hair of the Dawn  
began to fall apart,  
from the barrettes of the Horizons,  
which, they were holding strait-laced,  
the Night,  
deep and deserted,  
from the Cemeteries of the Words,  
where we buried us the Past,  
on which we could not heal him anymore,  
with all Treatments of the Acceptance,  
on which have them prescribed to him,  
the Destiny,  
indifferent and arrogant,  
of the Illusion of the Happiness.

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**77. Related to Love**

Thoughts burned by the Sacred Fire,  
as they to be loved by the Illusions of the Existence,  
which, they have sculptured,  
after their face and likeness,  
the Vanity,  
in all its darkness,  
on the foreheads filled with Wrinkles of the Time,  
through which flows our Future,  
toward a Past,  
on which we will not have it Never,  
related to the Love,  
of the Absolute Truth.

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